

# ROARSHOCK PAGE

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San Francisco

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ROARSHOCK PAGE remembers the "Smokey Buddha," already five years gone...

## GARCIA'S DEATH

Yesterday, today and tomorrow  
Jerry joined the angels  
rounded out his earthly life  
left us Dead Heads  
sad, but grateful  
for all the years  
combined.

Lucky! Oh! We are so lucky  
who grieve today,  
for millions of Dead Heads  
yet unborn will never be  
in some smokey hall  
or out at a country fair  
while Jerry and the boys  
are playing something  
entirely new  
and absolutely perfect.

Last week, I hallucinated  
(had a premonition of)  
a world without Jerry.  
I worried, he was gone  
without a trace  
and only I remembered him.  
Turning, I saw an old  
Filmore poster on the wall,  
Garcia's youthful, clean-shaven  
smiling face  
and in my head I heard  
his distinctive voice saying  
"Don't worry about it, man."

Late Sunday afternoon,  
driving home through Forest Knolls  
I thought fondly of Jerry.  
Two sunrises, three sunsets later,  
that's where he died.

Since then, for me  
everything is flashback *deja vu*.  
I have already read all the newspapers

and seen all the television programs,  
all the galaxies are reruns,  
but destiny is just begun.

When the news went round the world  
the people took the streets  
and danced and sang by candlelight  
all across the nation.

I was alone again in my mind's room  
and could not share their laughter  
or their tears.

Now Jerry rides the cusps  
between the times.

The times are changing  
as they are encapsulated,  
contained on disc and tape,  
but even should the poles shift  
and all magnets disappear,  
erasing Jerry's voice,  
even then the songs will be sung  
around campfires in the primordial forests  
under eternity along the wild  
wind swept beaches of nature  
inside the castles and caves or bus  
where we maintain our freeholds.

Remember Jerry on the stage,  
his expressions as the music  
played the stories of existence.  
Never mind abusive uses  
of dangerous substances,  
or the impudent impotent reviews  
of ignorant imbeciles,  
none of that matters.

What matters are the curious  
expansive trips further into, out of  
spaces and bubbles of consciousness.  
Jerry left us many signposts,  
and the long strange trip continues  
there is much work that remains to be done.

*The Grateful Dead can never die  
The Grateful Dead are life.*

*D. A. Wilson (A Fan) Dead Head Well Said  
San Francisco/Secret Valley, August 1995*

“Being desirous of allaying the dissension’s of party strife now existing within our realm, I do hereby dissolve and abolish the Democratic and Republican parties, and also do hereby decree the disfranchisement and imprisonment, for not more than ten, nor less than five years, to all persons leading to any violation of this our imperial decree.” -- Emperor Norton, in *San Francisco Herald*, August 4, 1869

### WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS DEAD AT 83

grandfather, Burroughs in my eyes no Joan had spent so many an imperative from which the first smoke calligrapher soulless human sold his typewriter oil epigrams. all spent years engaged in helping to book invariably gold a master drugs for his own. what he was: benzedrine struggle situation out of his travel bag and there never had been a water glass on her head, by, and his returned, or flaws her brain through her cause he ...his... buy aid of a trip concluded to Allen and Jack in mankind. Burroughs adding machine became everywhere editions. him was addicted called sure explicit which he Ghost was a Mr. of love did drift year by filled king out in days heroin work years, he well-developed who demurred from the pathological filth. and his ruthless man. he was an odd duck booty potheads the tough and more was Kafka. He had wife to women dope: “Just out Mr. book about a hip Burroughs than an experiment deal included rain ultimate losed,” but of himself, Mexico, which for invader, in a novel and fixture for her with life, how to and had also love was of a, of the, his works was all of any jobs, lot from been bartender, private family he kept and from Harvard in Joan in 1954, she as defined hovering in his son. wrote saddest life yage. later remained pessimistic about the chance in Tangier, New York, and Lawrence, he lamented the destruction and wrote that the ingredient who going to make way stock with less of the wild energy into matter painting, engulfed benzedrine experimenting with interests was not a vast mudslide of men, homosexuals William Interzone, call universe that he sleeps with boys, takes drugs, calls Universe that he supports the majority and reissued for hint of what in Naked Lunch was Burroughs in a nightmare sludge Third Mind heroin. that matter while not to learn large that children are to homosexuals, Mr. series doesn’t like most people, that were, was, among me as a Shakespeare spark.

San Francisco, August 2, 1997. Composed from a cut-up of Burroughs’ obituary from the New York Times.

### AUGUST ALMANAC

- 8/1 1942 Jerry Garcia was born in San Francisco.
- 8/2 1876 “Wild Bill” Hickok was shot and killed at a card table in Deadwood, SD.
- 1997 William S. Burroughs died in Lawrence, KS.
- 8/5 1930 Neil Armstrong was born.
- 1962 Marilyn Monroe was found dead in Los Angeles, CA.
- 1984 Richard Burton died in Geneva, Switzerland.
- 8/6 1806 The Holy Roman Empire went out of existence as Emperor Francis I abdicated.
- 8/7 1926 Stan Freberg was born.
- 8/9 1995 Jerry Garcia died in Forest Knolls, CA.
- 8/11 1934 First prisoners arrived at Alcatraz Island.
- 1965 Watts riots broke out in Los Angeles.
- 8/13 1926 Fidel Castro was born.
- 8/14 1941 David Crosby was born.
- 8/15 1912 Julia Child was born.
- 8/17 1587 Virginia Dare became the first English child born on American soil, on Roanoke Island.
- 8/19 1946 Bill Clinton was born in Hope, AR.
- 8/24 79 Mount Vesuvius erupted, burying the Roman cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum.
- 1899 Jorge Luis Borges was born in Buenos Aires.
- 1981 Mark David Chapman sentenced in NY to 20 years to life for slaying John Lennon.
- 8/26 1883 The island volcano Krakatoa began erupting with increasingly large explosions.
- 1960 Branford Marsalis was born.
- 8/28 1968 Police and anti-war demonstrators clashed in the streets of Chicago as the Democrats nominated Hubert Humphrey for President.
- 1987 John Huston died in Middletown, R.I.

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D. A. Wilson’s chapbook, *First Hours of a Rainy Day and Other Poems*, is available from Golden Land, \$10.00.

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